

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Vol. XXIX August 15, 1912 Number 33

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

BY ORVIS F. JORDAN

REVERIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

BY MARIE BALLOU GARVIN

CHICAGO

What Became of a Lie

First somebody told it;
Then the room wouldn't hold it;
So the busy tongues rolled it
Till they got it outside.
When the crowd came across it
They never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it,
Till it grew long and wide!

This lie brought forth others—
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers,
A terrible crew.
And as headlong they hurried,
The people they worried,
And bothered and flurried,
As lies always do!

And so, evil-boded,
This monstrous lie goaded,
Till at last it exploded
In sin and in shame.
But from mud and from mire,
The pieces flew higher,
Till they hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name!

—The Christian.

—Prof. Jeremiah Jenks of Columbia University, who has been offered the post of financial adviser to the Chinese republic, is well acquainted with financial problems in the Orient, having served as a member of the United States commission on international exchange in special charge of currency reform in China in 1903-4. He acted as a special agent of the Mexican government in initiating currency reforms there in 1903. Professor Jenks was formerly on the faculty of Knox College at Galesburg, Ill.

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DISCIPLES



The Christian Century

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON AND HERBERT L. WILLETT EDITORS

Loving God

PERHAPS OF ALL WORDS IN HUMAN speech none is more elastic than love. It means as many different things as there are minds. It is the one word which when a man speaks means no more nor less than his personality. It is the gist, substance, and quintessence of what he is; more, of what he longs to be; for

"The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment."

When you say, therefore, that you love a man, a woman, a child, or God, we cannot have much idea of what you mean until we know you. Pious folk express their most exalted ideal, the feeling of their union with God, and even describe the nature of deity itself by this word; while vicious and perverted creatures use precisely the same word to express their lowest form of selfishness.

Love is thus self-revealing. Our truest formula of belief consists not in what our minds assent to and our reason acknowledges, but rather in what our desires are drawn to. A soul sometimes deceives itself in what it says, for our words are themselves but thought forms borrowed from others; and in what it does, for few of one's acts carry with them one's utter approval; but no soul is ever deceived in what it likes.

Let us analyze, as far as we can, this thing called love, using the term in its highest sense, and meaning the emotion that beautifies the family, preserves friendship, and appropriates God.

First of all, it is a distinct emotion. It comes, as we say, from the heart, and not from the intellect or the will. As near as we can define it, it is that pleasurable feeling aroused in us by the presence of the beloved object in our thoughts.

It is well not to drift away from this common-sense basis. No intellectual process, no speech nor art, can be called love, unless it be heated from our subconscious self by this strange fire. We love a man or a book or a flower, only as the thought of the object in question gives us pleasure, and stirs this emotion.

Those who talk of loving God, therefore, when there is no inward joy, no stir of the feeling in some ardent measure, are clearly mistaken. They may obey God, or approve of Him, or fear Him, but they do not love Him except He makes in them some spot of gladness.

Is it not absurd then, it may be inquired, to command us to love God? Can love be forced by the will? If it cannot, and it certainly cannot, as it lies

beneath the will and moves before the will, why should Jesus put as the supreme "duty" of man the love of God?

The answer to this plain and substantial objection is this: That the command to love anything essentially good and beautiful is no more nor less than a command to learn to know it.

We are justified in commanding any human being to love, for instance, Shakespeare's or Raphael's works, because by common consent such art ought to and does appeal to a normal, healthy taste.

So we ought to love the beauties of nature, and deeds of heroism, self-sacrifice, and the like, and little children. The obligation here consists in our being human; whoever does not like such things steps aside from the human race, he is perverted, and is a subject for the alienist and not for the moralist.

God, no matter what our religion may be, so long as it is civilized, stands for the perfection of human character. In Him are all those excellencies every right-minded person wants to possess. Naturally, therefore, simply to conceive of such a being must awaken in us love to Him.

If the thought of God is distasteful to us, we either have a false and distorted notion of what God is, or our tastes are perverted and our backs turned upon what we know to be really worth while.

The command to love God is a command to know God, to think of Him, to come into the influence of His personality. Once we see God we can no more help glowing in love to Him than we can help the glow in our hearts when we see a perfect rose, a gorgeous sunset, a kind deed, or an innocent child.

The curse of sensualism, of selfishness, of hate, of greed, and of all flesh-centered or ego-centered passions is that they stop up the eye of the soul. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Lowness, pessimism, and all bitter and base thinking not only prevent us from seeing God, but also from seeing anything else that is worth seeing. Bound in such meshes we cannot see a woman as her spirit should be looked on, nor a man for what he really is, nor any of the moral loveliness of the universe.

I do not ask that your idea of God be the same as mine, for perhaps both of us are far from the truth, but it is right to demand of any man that he have some notion or mental image of the highest, truest, noblest things in life; whatever your God may be, He ought to be no less than that; and you are missing the meaning of life if you don't love Him.

—FRANK CRANE, in his recent book "Lame and Lovely."

Social Survey

BY ORVIS F. JORDAN.

The Progressive Convention

The convention of the new Progressive party has come and gone. No citizen in the United States is ignorant of the happenings of this convention, and few can be blind to the revolutionary significance of the gathering. Whether it has been a gathering of fanatics and disturbers of the social order, as some believe, or the beginning of real democracy in this country, it is no ordinary event.

The convention-goer must have been impressed first of all by the spontaneity and voluntary enthusiasm of the delegates and galleries. There was no need here of hired rooters to put up the semblance of enthusiasm. The feeling of the gathering was so intense that one man exclaimed, "My God, this is not politics; this is religion." All of the pent-up emotions of a people which has suffered long and patiently under a bipartisan rule of Republican and Democratic gangsters found voice in this great assembly.

Again, there was every evidence of high moral purpose. A platform was adopted so radical that the Chicago Journal says, "If this platform is carried out, it is not a reform; it is a social revolution." After years of cowardly trading upon our great problems, it was refreshing to find a convention calling things by their right names and forming policies with reference to their ultimate effect upon the country and not for their temporary vote-getting power.

This convention marks an epoch in another way. It is the beginning of an era of representative conventions. The ideal convention cannot come until the states pass presidential primary acts. But the rules adopted by the Progressives will prevent the recurrence of those abuses which resulted in the split of the Republican party this year. Such politicians as the celebrated Penrose of the Republicans and Sullivan of the Democrats will find it impossible to control under such rules.

The Progressive Leader

The central figure of the convention was Theodore Roosevelt, the most loved and the most hated man in this country today. He received in the convention an ovation such as was never accorded an American citizen before.

Those who hate Roosevelt, and chief among these are the gang politicians and the corrupt corporation interests, charge him with serious faults. They call him an egotist. They have even tried to fix upon him the suspicion that he would like to be emperor. They have called him a demagogue. In their fury, however, they have failed to explain why such a despicable character could all these years remain the foremost figure in American politics.

Colonel Roosevelt is a scholar and an author of authority. He is familiar with the best knowledge of the time in a larger number of fields than most men. He has the most varied experience of any living American, his biography reading like romance. He is called in every country of Europe today, the leading American.

How can two such utterly opposite views of Roosevelt obtain in the public mind? The greater the man, the more difficult is it to assess his worth. Gladstone had enemies not less bitter than those of Roosevelt. Every great man is accused of being greedy of power. Every powerful leader is thought by the mediocre to be egotistic. It is impossible at this close range to do justice to the man, but certain it is that he has given a voice to the best thought of this generation. His enemies would charge that this is hypocritical pretense. If it were, he would be that sort of fool who for one year's cheap popularity was bartering the goodwill of posterity. It seems more likely that he is the sincere advocate of those scientific attitudes toward social problems that have been wrought out in our great universities the past twenty years.

The modern social movement is fortunate to have found a leader so courageous, so versatile, so eloquent and so terrifying to its enemies.

The Progressive Platform

The Progressive platform is the most advanced political document ever put out in this country. Professor Henderson is quoted as saying at the University of Chicago, "This platform advocates all that we have taught for the past twenty years. Whoever is elected will have to meet the issues contained in it."

The catalogue of the leading planks is an impressive one. Honest primaries, courts responsive to popular control, minimum wage, old age insurance, government regulation of trusts, industrial commission, woman's suffrage, child labor laws, cost of living, currency, conservation—these and the other advanced social ideas are covered in the document.

While this program seems like revolution here, it is because our old parties have held us back in reform so long. We are the most reactionary civilized nation in the world. Both England and Germany have for a considerable time been enjoying the policies outlined in this liberal creed. The platform represents not only the judgment of our social experts but the consensus of the great civilized nations.

We already hear, however, the complaints of certain small political movements against the platform. The Prohibitionists will be in print this very week with the story of how a Prohibition plank was rejected by the Progressives by a small majority in the committee. The Socialists are already saying that the platform is a mere palliative since it continues the private ownership of the tools of production. Both of these parties are to be commended for human interest. They have each been misled, however, by the advocacy of certain doctrinaire remedies. The liquor business is a great evil and in the end will be abolished, but it is not the fundamental social evil. Private ownership of tools is our social redemption and not our curse.

As between political faddists on one hand, and stand-pat indifference to social good on the other, this platform stands as the greatest human document of our time.

What the Progressives Are Not

It is worth while for every citizen to make fair assessment of the significance of the Progressive movement.

The Progressives are not bolters.

Many of the present Progressives were in the Republican convention, but many more have not been Republicans. When we call the roll of the illustrious leaders, this will be the more apparent. This is no mere spite convention gathered together to defeat a rival candidate, but a group of earnest people gathered to battle for great ideas.

The Progressives are not hero-worshippers.

It is true that there is no leadership in sight quite so effective as that of Colonel Roosevelt. Without his wonderful personality the movement might not progress so rapidly. But it was in the logic of history there should be such a movement, and it would have been without him.

The Progressives are not Socialists.

The Socialists' journals leave no doubt on this point. They insist that this liberal program is that of England and Germany, but not that of the Marxian theorists. They call attention rightly to the fundamental difference in the philosophy of liberalism and that of socialism.

The Progressives are not malcontents.

They have waited overlong now for this movement. They have been guilty of a reprehensible patience, for there is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue and becomes a vice. In this movement are enrolled not the shiftless and ne'er-do-weels, but the energetic and capable. There is social discontent among saloon loafers. But this party expresses the social discontent of educators, ministers and philanthropists.

The Progressives are the scientific social students.

We have not carried on social study in the universities for twenty years for naught. All of this investigation must in the end affect our institutions. The new movement for exalting human interests above commercial interests has found voice and organization.

Personnel of the Progressive Movement

What a galaxy of great names is this movement! Among the campaign speakers for the movement this fall will be Jane Addams, who seconded the nomination of Roosevelt; Judge Ben Lindsay, who has fought the Beast in that city; Raymond Robins, former Democrat and friend of the laboring man; Charles Merriam, Republican candidate for mayor in Chicago this year, and other leaders equally prominent. We have yet to hear of any of the great students of scientific social reform who have taken an attitude adverse to the movement. It would be utterly impossible to commit a political party more completely to a cause than the Progressives are committed to the cause of human rights. We do not wonder then that social leaders who have never been in politics before are now found in the front ranks of the movement.

What do these names speak of the character of the movement? They must guarantee to us all its solid quality. It would be a hardy man who would impeach the honesty and wisdom of Jane Addams, Raymond Robins or Judge Lindsay. These great souls are sincere friends of human welfare if any are to be found in this country.

Our Attitude to the Progressives

Hitherto this page has not taken positive partisan attitudes. To fail now, however, to recognize in the Progressive movement the voice for all the things we have contended for, would be to display singular blindness. Were this movement only another attempt to tinker the tariff on log chains and sledge hammers, we might well ignore it. To ignore, however, a movement as momentous in American history as was the Republican party in Lincoln's day would be to fail in duty. Then a million slaves waited for deliverance. Now not black men, but white men and children bear the burdens of our social order. For these we will speak, though all the powers of corporate selfishness and commercialism should threaten. With the leader of the hour, we indeed believe that "we stand at Armageddon, and we battle for the Lord."

The Christian World

A PAGE FOR INTERDENOMINATIONAL ACQUAINTANCE.

The Resentment Toward Rome

In the pages of The Christian Century attention has been called of late to the aggressions of Rome in this country, and to the resentment with which a good portion of the press of the country regards the assumptions which that ancient church puts forth with so much confidence. We have tried merely to record the passing events with a few comments thereon. Evidently there is an organized press agency constantly employed to advertise the Catholic church in America. We read something of Rome in the daily papers almost every day. Such a medium in the interests of any church is a good thing. But we wish to call attention to the fact that Rome is always plausible; she knows how to attack, and to resist attack; she knows when to fight, and when to flee; when to speak, and when to be silent; how to present her cause in glowing colors, and the cause of those who oppose, to the hurt of the latter. The present agitation is due to Rome's own folly, that of presuming that the American people will tolerate the claims of a church which passed without criticism in the Middle Ages, and which assumes that the genius of American institutions favors the assaults upon American ideals, even in the guise of religion. A cardinal of the Roman Catholic church is entitled to the respect of this country, not because of his position, but because of his patriotism. No matter how plausible a defense of Rome may be written, let it be remembered, her history is also written. She may glory in her age, but that age is a menace to her when under the searchlight. She may boast of her loyalty to American institutions, but the way to prove that claim is not to usurp the chief places at feasts for ecclesiastical reasons, but to practice humility and every other virtue so constantly that on occasions such as started the discussion in Boston, it will be agreed that wherever MacGregor sits, there will be the head of the table. We think it the mark of a great man, because we have been taught by the greatest of all men, to take a lowly place, and allow merit silently to demand a higher. If Rome is in the limelight of censure, she has no one to blame but herself.

Rome's Attempts at Defense

In the Catholic World for August there is a strong defense of Romanism, called forth by the resolutions against the methods and failure of the papacy, passed by the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Minneapolis. The writer of the defense indulges in much good-humored raillery at the expense of the Methodist bishops, but before the article concludes there are some heavy thrusts. We give a few paragraphs which will indicate the general trend:

The Methodist Episcopal Church affects to view with alarm the growth of Catholicism as a danger to American institutions, but the American people do not view the progress of the church as a danger. Most Methodists, we feel sure, do not share in such alarm. The American people look upon the growth of the church as a support to true American principles. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the criterion of our Lord. It is the

criterion of common sense. It is the criterion that has always been used by the people of this republic. We Catholics are willing to stand or fall by it.

The Catholic church in America has no apology to make for its existence. It is no newcomer here. It was here centuries before John Wesley, that great and justly honored man, was born, and before Methodism was dreamed of. This America, as all men know, was discovered by Catholics before Protestantism in any form was invented. The larger part of it was first explored and settled by Catholics. In the colonial period of this country, two of the first charters of religious liberty were granted by Catholic governors, Lord Baltimore in Maryland and Governor Dongan in New York. American Catholics performed an honorable part in the War of Independence, and the republic could not have been victorious without the aid of two foreign Catholic powers. It was for a long time weak in numbers, but never for an instant weak in its Americanism. During the course of years, it received accessions from king-ruled lands, and it has made of these newcomers the most intense and loyal devotees to American ideals of liberty.

Speaking of the contribution of the Catholic church to American citizenship, the writer continues:

There were times when our people had to contend with religious and race prejudice. But even in those bad days, the calm judgment and sterling Americanism of the vast majority of our Protestant fellow-citizens saved us from at least the worst assaults of bigotry. At the present day we base our claims to brotherhood in this great family not merely on a general principle of toleration, but on our record as Americans. We take our place, not through sympathy or generosity, but by right—by the right of loyal citizenship, by the right of work done for the upbuilding of this great land; by the right of full acceptance of its institutions; by the right of blood—the blood of Catholics which was so freely poured forth to save this republic from domestic or foreign foe. If blood be the price of citizenship, we Catholics have paid in full for our franchise.

The defender of Catholicism believes the day for the promotion of bigotry has passed, and adds:

It is too late for this sort of thing (attacking the Catholic church). The hypocrisy of it will no longer delude, nor the intolerance of it attract. The people of this republic know the Catholic church. They have become acquainted with us as neighbors, as fellow-workers, as soldiers fighting side by side. They admire our religious staunchness, our charities, our loyalty to church and country. The Methodists themselves are aware that such is the estimate of our fellows. In a grudging, snarling way, Bishop Burt, as we have seen, acknowledged it. Recent celebrations which have been held by Catholics in our great cities have attracted the attention of the country to our numbers and enthusiasm. They have been as gall and wormwood to the bigots. But they have been a source of honest satisfaction to most of our fellow-citizens. Our church is an American church. Our success is another triumph of American energy, another proof of the wisdom of the American ideal of religious independence and freedom. The increase in the number of our cardinals is a tribute to the greatness of our country, and a strengthening of American power and prestige in the most far-reaching institution in the world.

But the attack will fail, according to the apologist, who closes his able defense with the following:

Such is the institution which the Methodist Conference set itself to criticize and oppose. Their attack will fail, as stronger attacks than theirs have failed. Their calumnies will not be believed; their shafts will return upon themselves. We need not fight with them; we can commit our defense to our fellow-countrymen. Meanwhile, the old church will go on serenely with her noble work, forming her children up to the level of their vocation as Christians and as freemen, showing to all the world that loyalty to faith and loyalty to country is "a double but not a divided duty."

Penalty Without Fire and Brimstone

An international Bible student's association recently declared by resolution, against which there was not cast a dissenting vote, its conviction that there is no hell in which the mode of punishment is by fire and brimstone. We do not understand that they legislated hell out of the universe, but only that a particular kind of hell was consigned to the limbo of things obsolete. We must always believe in hell, because of its adequacy to meet certain demands of the universe. It is impossible for us not to harbor the conviction that hell is a necessity. Sin must be punished; there must be a line of separation somewhere, and hell and heaven are suited to one's sense of justice. There is much in the statement concerning hell which we do not understand, and we have never met anyone who did, or read any book which threw light upon the penal fires or our own darkness, but we cling to the conviction that despite the orientalisms in which much of the teaching is cast, the fact remains, and it is more important to believe in that than to be disturbed about incidental matters.

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The Great Necessity

Nicodemus thought well of himself and of the class to which he belonged. He knew how to give instruction and service. He was somewhat clumsy in his approach to one who, he felt, might endeavor to set him right on important moral and religious questions. We can understand his attitude. We all incline to the opinion that good faith and sound judgment are the peculiar possession of our group. We hardly know what to make of them when they appear outside our circle. Our praise of them when they do so appear is duly qualified, lest we should compromise the truth, that is, seem to doubt that we stand on the only spot from which the world can be seen as it really is.

The Pharisee was not told that he had to give up everything he had received from his party. Men have to be associated for work, for play, for study, and for worship. They are made wise by their associated life. The truth one holds must be in a special sense his own, yet he would be greatly impoverished if he could not find truth in his human environment. Much that the Pharisee had received was good. What he had to surrender was his feeling that he was unlike other men. We may rejoice in our party's achievements and be the better for our joy if we recognize that other men in other ways were doing as much good as we are.

The great necessity is not conversion; it is acquaintance with God and joyful acceptance of his will as our peace and righteousness. In so far as we are out of harmony with the will of God, we need to be changed. Conversion derives its value from that to which we are converted. When we hear that a man has been converted to God, we have not heard much unless we know what sort of God the man worships. A man may profess to be a Christian and have a mean idea of God. Those of us who try to teach the way of God are exhorted to speak carefully, that we may not mislead a soul. We in turn may say, "Take heed how ye hear." It is God as he is known to the best of his servants and especially as Jesus revealed him, that the soul needs.

"Ye must be born anew." That is true of us all. We may have thought this was a word to the open sinner and not to the disciple. To the man outside the church our preaching may seem to be summed up in these words: "Come and be as good as we are. We once experienced conversion and now we are models of Christian conduct." If this is the impression we make, there is something wrong somewhere. The faith once for all gained, that does not grow in strength and richness, may be given up without serious loss. Growth in faith is a process of constant readjustment. Evil is seen as evil and put aside; good is seen as good and accepted.

"The only salvation of India, even from an economic point of view, in the opinion of those who have longest and most deeply studied it, is its Christianization. Let England inspire India with a veritable Christian faith, and nine-tenths of the present difficulties would spontaneously cease." The "great necessity" is

great because of its inclusiveness. Wrong notions of God, of man, and of nature hold India in bondage. They keep her from fighting effectively disease, famine and injustice. To change a man's opinions on the tariff, on the money question or any other question, is less in the eyes of intelligent and patriotic men than it is to change him from an attitude of indifference to the prosperity of the state to one of steadfast devotion to its interests. To save India from one famine or from one form of cruelty is something; it is much better to change the beliefs of the people so that of their own will they will search for the best means of fighting the scourge of disease and of protecting themselves from the danger of famine.

Whence comes our inspiration? From above or from below? Of course we are civilized people. We look from afar upon the villainess and cruelty of heathenism. But have we abolished polite selfishness? Do we love our neighbor or do we make a pretense of treating him well in order that we may have the name of being a lover of men? Do we cry out for the living God in our worship or for the God whom custom commands us to worship? Desire for respectability will not carry us far. Our civilization is in danger when it loses its passion for God. Superficial and temporary solutions of our difficulties will not save us; we must find our place in God's eternal order. [Midweek service, Aug. 21. John 3:1-15.] S. J.

The Lost Art of Reading

Have the American people lost the art of reading? Certainly not, if we may accept the enormous volume of printed matter as seen in the daily papers, the popular and melodramatic novel, as a standard of judgment. But is skimming market reports, the headings of the newspapers, the baseball news, and the sensational and even blood-curdling items, reading? Certainly it is not serious reading. Volume of reading output and a hop-skip-and-a-jump perusal seem to be the order of the day. One may ask the shop girl what she knows of the latest novel, and she may be able to say; ask her what she knows of Carlyle or Thackeray, and it is more than probable that she will tell you that they are out of date. The hurry of American life, the inevitable grind of toil makes the reading that nourishes well-nigh impossible.

An offer of eight millions of dollars, cash, for a great newspaper was rejected by its owner in the past few weeks. It is among the best newspapers in the land. It has no editorial policy, and therefore has no enemies on its list because of differences of opinion; but it certainly prints the news, and the news is of such a character that people will read. They pay five cents a copy for the paper and pass by the papers which compete with it for public support, and sell for one cent or two. Elaboration is its forte: the details of the latest sensation, the deliverances of Sully, the veteran slugger of the diamond, are regarded as of equal value to the public as the opinions of a great statesman on any of the issues of the day. A culprit is held up to scorn for robbing a post-office, and so is the bonehead who robbed the home team of a game by a misplay. All is news that comes within its purview, and seemingly the foul affray must take its place by the side of the salutary item which tells of civic or social reform. Now the public patronage is conclusive evidence that such papers are printing just what the public wishes to read, or the plant would not be worth more than eight millions in cold cash. All of which shows that the public school and the college have a tremendous task to accomplish.

Speaking on this subject, the Continent has to say: "The oft-quoted proverb, 'Reading makes a full man,' must be changed to read, 'Newspaper reading makes a fool man.'" The "Daily Evening Squib," sold before 10 o'clock in the morning, forces from the news-stands by sheer "fizzical" energy "The Atlantic Monthly," which was once the mouthpiece of Thoreau and Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes and Alcott and Emerson.

"The shops of booksellers have shelves filled with the treasures of the ages, but in the windows given to advertising are novels, novels, novels. Melodrama long ago drove the essay to the last place in the corner by the wall in the rear of the bookshop. Look over the shoulder of the pretty girl in the chair next you in the parlor car. You will find her reading 'The Prodigal Judge.' Who ever saw even a college girl reading 'Sartor Resartus' or 'The Diamond Necklace' on a railway train? Perhaps the title of 'Diamond Necklace' might captivate her, but the reading of two pages of Carlyle's masterly vigor would condemn humor and satire and history to the limbo of the ash barrel. If the boy and girl readers of today become the fathers and mothers of tomorrow what will their children read? Will they follow in the path of 'Lydia Langish' and hide their books from the vigilant scrutiny of the argus-eyed aunt

when she appears? Abraham Lincoln was made on the dirt floor of a log cabin by three great books—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Blackstone. Are America's future Lincolns being made so today?"

There is much food in the above for serious reflection. The serious-minded man skims the newspapers and delves into the eternity books. Is it not too generally true that the flippant scoff at the immortal books, and feast upon the passing page?

Violating a Great Motto

Those who profess to believe that the New Testament has ordained immersion in water as a condition of church membership and as one of the "terms of pardon" are in the habit of announcing as their motto, "Where the Scriptures speak we speak, and where the Scriptures are silent we are silent." But in spite of this great formula of loyalty these advocates of the immersion dogma treat the word of God with less respect than any group of Christians in evangelical circles.

This immersion dogma is based upon the assumption that the word "baptize" in the Greek means "immerse" or its equivalent, and nothing else. Yet most of those who hold to this reading of the text cherish views and make declarations that directly contradict their Bible. All the passages upon which their dogma rests are denied in their hearts and by their lips.

"He that believeth and is immersed in water shall be saved," says their Bible. And again, "Immersion in water doth not save us." But they unhesitatingly affirm that Presbyterians who have not been immersed are saved.

"Repent and be immersed in water for the remission of your sins," says their Bible. And again, "Arise and be immersed in water and wash away thy sins." But they unhesitatingly affirm that Congregationalists who have not been immersed have received the remission of their sins.

"Buried with Christ by immersion in water into his death," says their Bible. And again, "Immersion in water doth now save us." But have not been immersed have been buried with Christ and have risen with him into the new life.

"We are all immersed in water into one body," says their Bible, but they do not hesitate to count many millions of the unimmersed as being in the body of Christ.

And as if this were not presumption enough, the adherents of this dogma read the very words of Jesus where he says, "Except a man be born of [immersed in] water and of the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God [the church]," and flatly contradict their Lord by affirming that some men *can* and *do* enter the kingdom without being born of water at all!

How can such a teacher as Doctor Garrison, for example, whose recent writings mark the momentary recrudescence of an almost obsolete doctrine of "New Testament conditions of church membership," repudiate his own Bible and the express words of his Lord at that?

One of two things those who hold to Thomas Campbells' motto must do: They must cease speaking where the Bible forbids them to speak, or revise their understanding of what the Bible says.

The latter alternative describes the process already going on in many minds.

A Misleading Source of Information

If the claim of Campbellism that its mission is to unite Christendom is to be judged in the light of its history, it must be pronounced both a farce and a failure. Instead of uniting the different sects, it has created an additional one, which may be justly termed "the straitest sect of the Pharisees," and, of all the sects, the most sectarian. But even more, it is probable that the heralds of this union plea are worse divided and less at peace with themselves than the people of any other denomination.

The above from the Western Recorder, one of our staunch Baptist contemporaries, leads us to remark that it has been taking too seriously the utterances of a certain journal which professes to speak for the entire body of the Disciples. It represents only that portion of them which claims to have solved all the problems of the universe, and pronounces anathemas on those who will not admit that there are a few questions which have not yet been answered, and a few problems to which we ought to give earnest heed. With all its cocksureness in the matter of knowledge, we might expect volumes to roll from its presses which would enlighten the world; but alas! in recent years a few pamphlets on Sunday-school methods, a volume or two of sermons mainly on faith, repentance, and baptism, a few controversial works on some straw problems alleged to belong to the field of Biblical scholarship, are about all that have been given to satisfy the hunger of

the world. This is wholly out of proportion to what might have been expected in view of the pretensions and assumptions of those whose learning was hermetically sealed many years ago. No recent light has broken through of late. But really, when one knows how much light there was, it can easily be understood that not much more is needed. So with the spirit such as the Western Recorder interprets to be representative of the Disciples, it is not a matter of wonder that it should seem severe on the claims of those who profess to have a plea for the union of all peoples.

But we are happy to inform our contemporary that the source of its authority misrepresents our people. It is as far away from the original purposes of the Campbells as are those papers which circulate in the interest of the reactionary movements of fifty years ago. The men who are moulding the history of the Disciples in the pulpits are no longer concerned with its plans, its policies, its platitudes, or its penalties. Its hold today is upon the rural community, the last always to accept new views, and to renounce those which have become obsolete. And with worldly wisdom it employs a double-barrelled staff of writers, one for those who live in the present, and one for those who live in the past. But the writers of the past are the authority in the sanctum. Through their influence, the history of the Disciples is being made thoroughly sectarian because of the power of the tail to wag the head. These are a few hints which may enable the Recorder to understand why it understands the Disciples as it does.

Let us assure our contemporary that Disciples are not nearly as bad, though we are deserving of criticism in spots, as we have been painted. We are still adhering to our original program to unite the followers of Christ of every name and creed, on the foundation of the apostles and prophets. It is our regret that we have not succeeded in doing more than we have done, but we propose to continue to plead for unity despite the opposition to it without and within. There are reactionary forces in our midst which are doing their best, ignorantly and in unbelief, to divert us from our original course. We believe that we shall succeed in the face of all opposition in winning the divided forces of Christendom to that unity for which the Saviour prayed. And whereas, when we began uttering this plea, ours was a lonely voice, now a multitude of agencies are at work, and their voices are as urgent as ours, their prayers as fervent, their efforts as untiring; and all these warm our hearts to deeper consecration in this world-wide movement. The prayer of Christ must be answered.

China's Progress

The republic of China is not yet a year old, yet it has already established a national department of health. The United States of America is 136 years old, and is still discussing the question. Dr. W. W. Peter, medical missionary located at Shanghai, China, discusses some of the health problems of China in a recent number of the "Journal of the American Medical Association." He says: "Two thousand miles, 20,000,000 people, 200 cities—and not one sewer! This in brief is a summary of a trip into the interior of China." Congestion, it seems, is one of the important problems in China. Viewed from the top of a city wall, nothing can be seen from wall to wall but housetops. There are no playgrounds, parks, or wide streets. Trees are the exception; streets are very narrow, five feet is considered an ample width for an alley; ten feet is quite a street, and a fifteen-foot wide thoroughfare is regarded as a boulevard. There are no yards; houses and shops open directly on the street; paving is practically unknown, and ten people often occupy quarters barely large enough for two. During the three hundred years of Manchu government nothing was done to safeguard the public health. There are no quarantine laws, no hospitals, no methods of controlling epidemics, no health regulations, and no health officers. With the exception of medical missionaries and a few recent graduates of American and European schools, there are no physicians in the modern sense. But the change has already begun. The new republican government has just completed the organization of a national department of health. Dr. Lin Boon Keng of Shanghai has been appointed as its head. A knowledge of the possibilities and value of modern scientific medicine is rapidly spreading among the people. While the recent evolution seriously interfered with the hospitals and work of the medical missionaries, there are today eight large union medical schools, manned principally by American and English physicians. "Once the Chinese mind acquires a full understanding of modern science," says Dr. Peter, "the benefits will affect not only China but the rest of the world also. Her health problems will increasingly become world problems; her ships manned by her crews will carry her products to the doors of all nations. Will they also carry her diseases?"

Editorial Table Talk

The Erometer

What is that? Why, "eros" means love, and of course we all know that "meter" means measure. And some wonderful genius has invented an "erometer," which has a dial and a recording pencil and can be worn inside a bracelet like a tiny watch. If the young lady is not sure whether she cares for the young man who has begun to call "steady," she will clasp this erometer on her wrist, just over her pulse, when she goes out to lunch with him. After the swell repast is concluded, she will, in her own boudoir, take out the slip of paper on which the nib of the invisible pen has duly recorded her heart-throbs—and then she will know whether she loves him. Meanwhile he, in his hall bed-room, will, we suppose, be examining his lunch check; and we fancy that his emotions upon a study of the same will tell him whether he cares to keep it up. As between the two slips of paper, we give the advantage to the lunch check. Many a young man has found his feet grow cold when he first read that bit of paper, and his heart did the same upon a second perusal. But the inventor has forgotten to tell us what is going to happen when she does and he doesn't.

That Ominous Black Cat

At the opening of the La Salle street tunnel recently, the reporters present were startled to see a coal-black cat leap into the great bore which led underneath the river and deliberately precede the first trolley train. It was deemed an incident of sufficient importance to warrant the publication of the cat's picture in the daily press. All of which shows how slowly superstitions die. The hard-headed Romans who built up a great world empire would nevertheless take their cues from a crow or a garter-snake before undertaking a critical campaign. An oriental sovereign who visited London a few years since sent his Mediterranean steamer specially chartered for his use back empty, returning to Constantinople by rail because something went wrong with his astrologer. How little Christians realize the wretched slavery of superstition from which their faith delivered them, and how easy it is for some of them to trifle with the devil's traps and gins which hold a soul in fatal grip once it is seized.

Long Distance Prophecies

The weather man sent out from the Chicago office some long distance prophecies last week reminding us distinctly of the similar prognostications which used to appear in the "New England Farmers' Almanac." There was the same delightful uncertainty about the regions to be affected as well as the meteorological changes themselves. This would most likely be felt in "the Southwest," and that might be looked for in the "Northwest," and something else would happen—if not prevented—"in the middle section." As each of these areas was left to the imagination of the reader, the whole "forecasting" might be truly said to be "in nubibus." The old-fashioned almanac used to tell the farmer in April, in italic print which ran down a page, "About this time look out for showers"; or in August, "Extreme heat is likely to occur." In the same way, the "crystal gazers" who ply their trade in Chicago warn their clients to "Beware of

a short, thick man," or to "Look out for a long, slim individual"—and so on to the end of the chapter. Thus modern science and ancient necromancy approach each other and the omniscience of the one seems to be about as much guess work as the divination of the other.

The Fool and His Money

When the fools of America are numerous enough and rich enough to contribute \$120,000,000 a year to swindlers who ask them for their money, the attempt to protect the people from themselves would seem to be well-nigh hopeless. And the discouraging feature of the case is that most of the schemes practiced are old and were never very alluring to persons of business sense. Years ago we chanced to overhear a "promoter" of mining companies explaining to a lady at her request how people in his line of business made their money. With perfect frankness he explained the process of "locating" mines; "organizing" companies; "unloading" on the purchasers the actual development, and then repeating the process with a fresh lot of "investors" ad infinitum. "How many such companies," he was asked, "can you float each year?" "Ten is our usual number," was his answer. "But I should think, Mr. X, people would get tired of pouring their money into such wild-cat enterprises," said the lady. "So should I," was the quick response, "but they never do. We only have to change the nature of the 'investment' according to the fashion of the day. Sometimes people want gold-mining stocks and sometimes silver, and then again they must have rubber plantations. We generally manage to sell them what they want." That was the whole story—except the suffering that followed such legalized robbery.

Leprosy in the United States

A survey of the prevalence of leprosy in the United States and its possessions was recently made by the United States Public Health Service. This report is reviewed in a recent number of The Journal of the American Medical Association. Health officers of the several states, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines were requested to submit a statement of the number of new cases reported in 1911, and of the total number on January 1, 1912. The results were not complete, because in only eighteen states and the District of Columbia is leprosy a specifically notifiable disease. In all, 146 cases were reported in the United States, of which forty were new cases having been first observed in 1911. In 1911 a commission of officers of the Public Health Service found 278 lepers in the United States. Of these, 145 were foreign-born, and thirteen were of unknown nativity; 186 were reported as probably having contracted the disease in this country. Only seventy-two of the patients were isolated and cared for by the local authorities. The 146 cases reported in the present survey do not indicate a decreased prevalence. Rather these 146 cases reported by health authorities are comparable to the seventy-two cases of patients cared for by health officials in 1901. Three states—California, Louisiana and Massachusetts—have specific provision for lepers in leprosariums. In other states varying degrees of care and isolation are provided. There are known to

be twenty-eight lepers in Porto Rico. In Hawaii and the Philippines the disease constitutes an important public health problem. In the Philippines about 6,000 lepers have been transferred to Culion. Cebu, an island with one-half of the Philippines' population, furnished one-half of the cases. On this island many instances indicate that leprosy is a so-called house disease. The Treasury Department recently amended the interstate quarantine regulations to the effect that common carriers may not transport a leper except under specific restrictions, and a special permit from the surgeon-general of the Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service. A leper who violates this regulation is to be returned to the original state or to a designated Federal quarantine station.

Baseball and Civilization

Some time back this newspaper ran a serial entitled "Rainier of the Last Frontier," which, in addition to being a clever story of the Philippines under American control, contained one of the best descriptions of a baseball game ever in a novel. The author brought out the fact that the little brown men of the far-away islands were beginning to take an interest in the great American game, turning from cock-fighting and other mean and cruel sports to the bat and ball. His contention was that with baseball as an opening wedge, the Filipinos might eventually become civilized and Christianized. To back up this pioneer idea comes Prof. W. P. Gorsuch of the University of Chicago just from the islands with the assertion that simon-pure American baseball as an antidote for cockfighting and other sports of similar nature has made such progress in the Philippine Islands that it bids fair to displace them in a few years. "Progress of baseball among the native youth is surprising," says Mr. Gorsuch. "It is not only interesting the boys who play but is commanding the attention of large crowds who are deserting the cock pits for the diamond. Everybody likes it; the only opposition to its growth seems to come from the promoters of the chicken fights. Mr. Gorsuch found the strides made in industrial education worthy of comment. American educational methods have been directed to giving the youth of the islands a practical start in life, with the result that the schools teach basket making, hat making, matting and lace manufacture. The department of education is busy forming its final plans for the opening of the new University of the Philippines, which will mean much to the native youth."

Awful Commonness of Murder

The killing craze which has been such a dreadful blot on Chicago of late years has spread to New York. One murder a day was the average in New York City for the month of July, according to the official abulation compiled by the police homicide bureau. Records show that the hot weather always stirs the murderers to action. But during the month just passed they outdid themselves in activity. A year ago the July total was about one fourth smaller than last year. Gang fights or hired gangsters are given as the cause of at least five of the murders in Manhattan and the Bronx, and in a number of the remaining eighteen murders, where no important arrests have been made, gang men are thought to have been back of the killings. Four witnesses testify that one murder was committed by a policeman. In two other murders Chinamen figure. Two little girls were murdered in a shockingly brutal manner and two other children were killed by stray bullets in a gang battle. There are places where human life is more sacred than New York.

Reveries of a Minister's Wife

By Mrs. Marie Ballou Garvin

His reverence says he hopes any future "reveries" I may have about him will continue to be very respectful; and as I have a little respectful material left, at least one more "reverie" seems possible. I think every minister's family ought to be just as respectful to him as they can—especially around the time of the month when the church board meets. The more deference shown at such a time the less likely are the family to bring down on their defenceless heads what really belongs to the wood—I mean board heads. Though usually, whether the family escape or not, the board manages to get off by being dismissed with a word of prayer—on their behalf—part of it silent prayer, as we feel it would be very inconvenient to move just now.

We were all especially respectful once when it wasn't anywhere near the time of month for board meeting. That was when Daddy brought home some fresh crabs—that is they were fresh when he started with them. He had saved five cents by getting them down on the water front early in the afternoon, and they had added many other scents to the five during his travels the remainder of the day—Daddy can't get over the feeling that he is cheating the church if he comes home before six. The crabs preceded him into the house by about a block—or at least sent ahead the announcement of their approach. I shall always be thankful that I thought of his Prince Albert in time to rush it over to the neighbors before the "noisome pestilence" took full possession of the house. Of course few people understand that in a minister's household the Prince Albert is quite the most important article in the house—costs the most and has to last the longest, and so becomes an object of the tenderest solicitude. It took hours to get his reverence fumigated so that he could perform the wedding ceremony for which he was scheduled the next day!

Wedding Ceremonies.

Speaking of wedding ceremonies, whenever Daddy marries a couple he always tells them he hopes they will be as happy "as we are." Dear man, I've known him to say that when two of the children were down with the measles, and the servant had gone because she was afraid she would catch them, and the baby was yelling like election night! That was the day I called up an employment office—just gave Central the number, and as soon as I heard a voice I began, "Please send me a good, live servant right away; one who is not afraid of the measles or of work!" Somebody haw-hawed at the other end of the line, then drawled out, "I'm afraid we haven't any of that kind down here, madam; this is an undertaking establishment!"

But then, men have such a way of rising above the tormental facts at such times, or rather they manage to rise out of them, unless it happens to be along about midnight, then they don't rise at all. They don't even wake up no matter what they hear. But I always make full allowance for his reverence's complete oblivion, as he really is a very sound sleeper. Sometimes the sound is dreadful. I think if he can sleep through his own commotion a mere babe couldn't hope to disturb him. And yet, I always have a wicked impulse to whisper softly when the baby's crying loudest, and he is sleeping soundest, "Daddy, there's a couple wanting to be married!" because I feel morally sure he'd be up and half

dressed before I could explain that they didn't want to be married until the next day.

He Helped to Celebrate.

But there was one night not very long ago when I wouldn't have disturbed him for the world. He surely slept the sleep of the just, which is different from being just asleep. You see, the evening before we had a Fourth of July celebration—Roman candles, sky-rockets, sparklers, red light and—Daddy! Heretofore we had always been obliged to depend upon the neighbors to shoot off our fireworks for us, because Daddy had always managed to be called away to deliver verbal fireworks, as it were. But this year when he began to hint that perhaps he would be obliged to be separated from his dear family over the Fourth, I promptly said, "No! those precious children have never had the educational advantage of seeing their papa act as master of ceremonies at a Fourth of July celebration, and they are not going to be denied that esthetic privilege this year!" He said weakly, "Well, of course, if you put it that way . . ." and I said, "Well, I do!" So he went down to the fireworks store and bought whatever the children told him to. As soon as it began to get dark on the eventful evening the children brought out all the different varieties and lined them up on the porch steps. Then they detached Daddy from his book and lined him up in front of them, and handed him a stick of punk, a box of matches and a wet cloth to put himself out with in case he needed it. And then the fun began. He hadn't shot off any fireworks since his boyhood days—I mean that kind—and while he tried to go at it nonchalantly, we noticed that he used a considerable amount of caution. From the first he examined both ends of every piece very carefully to see which one to light. Fortunately he guessed the right end every time, and whenever he could get one lighted—there was rather a stiff breeze that night—it went off without a hitch—that is, when there was anything in it to go off. When a piece didn't go off Daddy always did, so there wasn't a dull moment. He always exclaimed, "Humbled!" Some of the Roman candles failed to respond, and though Daddy whirled and whirled and whirled, nothing happened except one or two sparks. It was like whirling a sermon that don't seem to be taking the proper hold of the audience, trying to get a few colored balls started up—then they (I mean the preachers) go home and tell their wives that their sermon "missed fire," but they don't tell anybody else.

Sky-rockets Much Easier.

The sky-rockets were so much less work. All Daddy had to do was to prop them up and light them; and when they would stay propped until he could strike the match, and when the match would stay lit until he could get it to the rocket, everything went beautifully. He said several times that he wished he had bought all sky-rockets: that his arms just ached with whirling those Roman candles—couldn't understand how he had to come to buy so many. One thing was certain, he would know what to buy next year. Though the evening was passing rapidly, the pile of ammunition on the porch didn't seem to be diminishing very fast, so Daddy began to hurry things along. As soon as he saw that a rocket was

on the point of beginning its upward flight, he would rush to the steps and snatch a handful of torpedoes and throw them. Everytime anything went off he counted what was left. When he came to the sparklers he passed them all around—made us all hold one, even the baby, and some of us had two. He wouldn't even stop to look at a balloon that was passing over us—said he didn't have time. At last he came to the end. When nothing remained but the smell of powder and one or two matches out of a whole box-full, he rubbed his hands and said benevolently, in a Santa Claus tone of voice, "Didn't we have a pleasant evening!" But that was before he discovered the burned hole in his shirt-front.

For the benefit of any one who may be feeling sorry for Daddy because he is saddled with a family which makes fun of him, let me explain that he likes it. Perhaps there was a time when he couldn't see a joke without the aid of a magnifying glass, but that is ancient history. He has long since adapted himself to an "environment" that sees the funny side of everything. And, furthermore, he is quite conscious that my "reveries" have to be mainly about him, because I can't think of anybody but him. They are all really written for his amusement, as he laughs harder than anyone else, and asks for more. So you see he is really the center of an adoring family, the sun of their existence.

A Certain Apple Tree.

My mind travels back to a certain apple tree, in a certain rustic corner, in a certain college town—no, I'll not tell the name. Perhaps the tree and the corner are both gone now—I think I heard something about their having to get out of the way of modern progress—but memories live on! That dear, old apple tree! Scarred with the aimless wanderings of many a penknife, and other wanderings not quite so aimless. Its blossoms always blushed a deeper pink than any others on the hill—perhaps they had reason to—and inquisitive birds came in numbers to build their nests where they could spy all summer on that secluded (?) seat below. And the path—how shamelessly it led straight to the spot! Though all this hasn't a thing to do with Daddy and me! I'm just "digressing," as the preachers say when they have run out of points but still have plenty of breath.

Notes

—The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has designated October 27 as the date for a national demonstration against the white plague. On that date churches and religious societies will be asked to give special attention to tuberculosis in their services. It is expected that more than 100,000 churches and societies will observe the day.

—Every state in the union except Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah is represented in the list of delegates already registered for the World's Seventh Sunday-school Convention, to be held in Zurich, Switzerland, July 8-15, 1913. Every province in Canada is represented.

—The church census of Australia shows that during the past ten years the Methodists increased 8 2-3 per cent; the Baptists 8 2-3 per cent; the Church of England 14 1/4 per cent; the Roman Catholics 16 1/2 per cent; and the Presbyterians 31 per cent. The population increase was 18 per cent.

THE HIGH CALLING

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS."

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CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

He isn't half so bad as Jake Rambeau, the trader. And Jake's had a high school education and calls himself civilized.

"We are all in need of the Spirit's presence today. I want more of the presence. My heart longs to walk with the Master today. If the Master will be gentle with me as he was with Peter two or three times when he didn't deserve it, I would be glad. O Master, tell me your will. I need you so much, so much—"

And then the sound of the voice trailed off into a murmur indistinguishable to Bauer from where he lay. But he knew that Elijah Clifford had thrown himself full length on the ground and was pleading in his own way for the divine presence, for victory over himself and triumph for the Kingdom in that desert, for once in the dawn when he had heard his voice, Bauer had poked a hole through the dirt over the wall of the hogon and for one moment, during which he felt almost ashamed for looking, he had seen Clifford prostrate himself thus and lie there outstretched for how long, he did not know. It did not seem right to him to look for more than a minute.

After a silence of about half an hour, during which Bauer had risen, Clifford appeared in the doorway of the hogon with his usual cheerful "Good morning; Sehr gut?"

"Ja, sehr gut," replied Bauer. "When do we start?"

"Right after breakfast."

"How long will it take us to make the trip to Oraibi?"

"Oh, it depends on how often we lose the way. May take two days, may take three."

"Have you been there before?"

"Seen the snake dance five times."

"Is it as wonderful as they say?"

"Is it? I am just as much interested in it now as I was the first time. But the poor devils! Half of 'em don't know what their rigamarole means. And Mr. Masters thinks the government ought to put an end to it. Last time there were over a hundred tourists came up from all over the country and turned Oraibi into a sort of bargain day. The dance confirms 'em in their superstitions. But no mistake it's a wonderful sight to be going on in the U. S."

"Mr. Masters said several parties were going to come this year from Pittsburg and New York."

"Yes. The Van Shaws are among them. I understood Miss Douglas to tell Miss Gray that one of these Van Shaws was in the same school with her brother and you. Do you know him?"

"Yes—I know who he is," said Bauer, slower than usual. He could not forget the incident that occurred in Walter's room when Van Shaw had started to relate an objectionable story and Walter had prevented him from telling it. Van Shaw's general reputation for fast and questionable habits corresponded with this incident and Bauer felt annoyed at the possibility of a chance meeting with his party.

But in the bustle of preparation for the

journey, everything else was soon forgotten except the immediate interest. Bauer was not expected to do anything except get his own few traveling necessities together. But he quietly helped Mrs. Masters in a number of ways and she afterwards told Clifford that the laconic German student was the most remarkable young man she ever knew to anticipate a want and do a thing right the first time.

"Just the opposite of me," said Clifford.

"I have to do a thing twice anyway to make sure, like the doctor in our old town in Vermont, who used to say that if he didn't kill with the first operation he was dead sure to cure with the next."

When the chuck wagons were all ready Bauer found to his pleasure that he was assigned to the light platform spring wagon in which Esther and Helen, together with Clifford and Mrs. Masters, were going. Mr. Masters, Miss Gray, Walter and Miss Clifford were assigned to one of the chuck wagons and Peahlekietsetti with two of the older pupils in the school and one of the younger Indians had charge of a third wagon containing the tents and the water.

The party was on the way shortly after sunrise and reached the place of the ford in about an hour. The river was very low and as the wagons went over on the rock ledge, only a few inches of water were trickling through the wheels.

"You wouldn't believe, would you, Miss Douglas, that Mr. Bauer and I had a good swim right about here a few weeks ago?"

"Oh, tell me about that," cried Helen, who with all the rest of the visitors had of course heard of Bauer's rescue, and in her heart was envious of Miss Gray for her physical prowess. But she had never been able to prevail on her to give any but the most unsatisfactory account of the rescue.

So Clifford launched into a glowing account of the affair, obliterating himself entirely and making it seem that Miss Gray was the only person present, so that Bauer had to give Helen the full account as near as he could of Clifford's part in the rescue.

"It's a wonderful land! I wish such things would happen in Milton! And, oh, look at those colors! Was anything ever like them!" Helen exclaimed as the wagons came up out of the river bed and in full view of the painted desert as it stretched out in its weird, fascinating beauty. "Oh, I just can't contain it all!"

"You remind me," said Clifford, who was driving, and now gave the horses a free rein on a hard 'dobe stretch, "of a young lady who was writing letters home from her first trip abroad for the use of the county paper. She said, when she was in Venice, 'Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.'" Clifford winked at Bauer, who was on the front seat with him, and Helen, who was not yet used to Elijah Clifford's ways, at first turned red and looked vexed, but afterwards laughed with the rest.

"Well, if your young lady was here she would have to say the same thing about all

this. I never had any thought that a desert was like this. I supposed it was just nothing but sand spread out on a flat surface. But look at those flowers! Did you ever see anything more delicate for color and form?"

"Most people think that way about the desert," said Clifford. "There are more than sixty distinct varieties of vegetation this side of the river between here and Red Stone Tank. Mr. Bauer can tell you the names of some of 'em. He has begun to make a collection."

Bauer modestly replied in answer to a question from Helen that he had classified only a few distinct species that he had found in his short strolls from the Mission.

He had the book with his things at Tolchaco and would show it to her when they came back.

"I didn't know you cared for botany," said Helen, a little flippantly. "I supposed you were all absorbed in your inventions."

Bauer's face changed color slightly.

"I have always enjoyed God's earth," he said. "Anything that grows is always more wonderful than anything that has to be made."

"I should think this would be a good place to try your incubator, it's so hot," said Helen, feeling that she had made a foolish remark, but letting it go rather than try to apologize to Bauer for her poor judgment of him.

"Oh, say, tell us about that incubator," said Clifford. "Must be a lot of money in a thing like that. I believe we could use some of 'em out here to good advantage, and make something for the Mission. There's a great demand for broilers at Flagstaff, and the Harvey eating houses would give us big money for any quantity of either eggs or young chickens. If we could only educate 'em to live on sand and cactus. Trouble is, feed is so high and we're so used to eating up everything, that there ain't anything left over from meals, to give to chickens. I suppose there ain't any way to fatten chickens without feeding 'em."

When Clifford spoke of Bauer's invention as a money-maker, Helen was reminded again of what she had almost forgotten, that Bauer had lost the largest part of his profits from the sale of the patent rights.

Walter had written home about Bauer's father returning a part of what he had stolen, and of Bauer's quiet acceptance of the event. Helen, as she caught the look on his face whenever he partly turned about to speak to those on the seat behind, could not help feeling a real interest in him—if only he were not so plain-looking, and so serious, and above all, so poor, and so destined to remain poor. No; she shut her eyes, opened them again, looked at Bauer pensively, shook her head as if in answer to a question, and then with a feeling of determination, turned her attention to the remarkable land through which the party was traveling.

The sky was cloudless. The heat was dry and penetrating, and as the forenoon wore away, everyone grew thirsty. The cloth-covered canteens were called for often. At noon the wagons drew together and camped

for dinner. Two of the wagons were driven up side by side about ten feet apart, and the horses unhitched and hobbled. A spare canvas was drawn over the tops of the two wagons to make shade for the dinner party. Clifford, who acted as cook on camping-out occasions, dug a hole in the sand, filled it with dowegie roots and started his fire, and in what seemed an incredibly short time to the visitors from Milton, a hearty meal was ready. The Indians and their helpers squatted around on rugs within the circle. Mr. Masters asked grace in a delightful tone of genuine thanksgiving, and added a few words in Navajo in which Peshlekietsetti and the young Indians joined.

"This is what I call the real thing," said Paul, as he helped himself to his fourth sandwich and passed his cup for the third time for coffee.

"Yes, these are real sandwiches all right," said Clifford as he turned over some pancakes which were cooking on a flat stone. "Anyone else want a hot one made by the slab artist?"

Walter expressed a desire for one, and politely handed it over to Miss Gray. Clifford looked at him a moment, and then at Miss Gray, who was smiling her thanks.

"How's the batter?" he said to Walter.

"Good," said Walter, who seemed in unusual spirits. "It's equal to a home run with the bases all full."

"Do you think it needs to be any thicker?"

"No. It's thick enough," said Walter with his eyes on Miss Gray.

"Yes, what did I tell you," muttered Clifford to Bauer, when an hour later he and the German student were alone and out of ear-shot from the rest of the campers. Bauer had offered to help Clifford wash the dishes at a water-hole some hundred yards from the camp. "What did I tell you? It's just as I said. Miss Gray has 'em all going. Cowboys, Indian traders, missionaries, visitors, everybody. Now it's your friend Douglas. He's a goner so soon. You watch when the wagons load up if he don't manage to sit with Miss Gray. He's lost and there's no use sending out an expedition to find him. He doesn't want to be found. And the mystery of it is Miss Gray never tries. She just simply looks at you, and it's all over."

Bauer was amused and perplexed at Clifford's absolutely frank confidence. There was nothing flippant about it, either. It was the simple expression of a nature that had nothing to conceal. There was not even a hint of gossip about it, nor of ill-nature. In a land where there were no newspapers, telegraphs, telephones, railroads, or neighbors, it seemed like the expression of a confidence which had in it neither malice nor impertinent coarseness. And yet Bauer was puzzled to know what Clifford's real feeling was toward Miss Gray even after Clifford's own open statement made to him that day while they were sitting on the old cottonwood by the river.

When the party started on again after a two hours' rest, Clifford nudged Bauer to call attention to the fact that Walter and Miss Gray were in the back seat of the chuck wagon in front of them. But he never mentioned the matter again during the day, and until they reached the night camping place, he was alive with stories and information about the desert, the Indians, the habits of the horses, the work of the Mission, and the coming snake dance.

The place chosen for the first night's camp was the Red Stone Tanks. This consisted of a pool of tepid water and a few rocks, from the crevices of which a straggling fringe of desert cedars was trying to grow.

(To be continued.)

Share your happiness with others, but keep your troubles to yourself.—Patrick Flynn.

Church Life

RESIGNATIONS.

R. E. McKnight, Coalinga, Calif.
N. J. Nicholson, Moulton, Ia.

CALLS.

Lovell D. Hammond, Coshocton, O., to Independent Church, Buckland, O.
J. R. Fife, Fairmont, to Lisbon, Ind.

EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS.

Melborne, Australia; C. R. Scoville and party, 1,300. Perth, Australia; 400.
Sapulpha, Okla.; Orcor Ingold; 112.
Geary, Okla.; J. E. Gorton; 17; continuing. W. G. Friend, pastor.
Campbellsburg, Ky.; Fife brothers; 40; continuing.
Lodoga, Ind.; W. T. Brooks; W. H. Newlin, pastor; continuing.
Wilson's Mills, N. C.; C. L. Organ; 63.
Winona, Minn.; The Hill and Ritchie Company; O. H. Loomis, pastor.
Salisbury, Md.; H. F. Lutz; 40; under direction of American Missionary Society.

Dr. H. O. Breeden's pastorate at Fresno, Calif., starts off with forty additions in two months.

Robert Graham Frank, pastor at Liberty, Mo., with his family is spending the vacation period in Virginia.

President R. H. Crossfield makes a wise diagnosis when he says that the need of the church "is not now so much a matter of making converts as of making converters."

Buenaventura P. Garcia, who has been appropriately styled the "prince of Filipino evangelists," is very ill, and it is doubtful, says Leslie Wolfe, that he will recover.

Professor Egbert R. Cockrell of Texas Christian University supplied the pulpit of First Church, El Paso, Tex., this summer during the absence of Pastor Perry J. Rice.

A contract has been let by Chesterfield Church, Des Moines, Ia., for a new house of worship to replace the one burned a year ago. The new house will be larger and more modern.

Percy M. Kendall, well-known evangelistic song leader, has accepted the position of musical director of Canton, O., church, and the Phillips Bible Institute, located at Canton.

The fund to establish a Moninger memorial chair at Bethany College has now reached the sum of \$5,348.91. H. Newton Miller, of Ohio, has taken the field for the purpose of raising the full \$25,000.

E. F. Daugherty, of Vincennes, Ind., is delivering a strong lecture on "The Tyranny of Truth" on the chautauqua platform this summer. At his boyhood home, Madison, Ind., the chautauqua people are planning for a large attendance for him on Aug. 16.

H. Elliott Ward, who for twenty years has been one of our most energetic and successful preachers in southern California, is planning to spend August, September and October in the east, mostly in Ohio, his native state. He has been pastor of a number of our prominent churches on the coast and has held many successful evangelistic meetings. He was secretary of the state board for five years.

Dean Martin L. Pierce, of Canton, Ohio, preached at Clearcreek in Ashland County, Sunday, Aug. 4. Several churches in north-

ern and central Ohio are arranging to have pulpits filled with ministers who will be in attendance this year at the Phillips Bible Institute of Canton.

This department was misinformed as to the acceptance by C. C. Wilson, recently of Milwaukee, of a call to Ashtabula, O. Mr. Wilson is still in the country near Malvern, O., on vacation. He preached at Broad Street Church, Columbus, and at Alliance, O., on recent Sundays.

Reassuring word has been received as to the condition of Dr. T. P. Halley, who underwent an operation recently in Kansas City. He seems to be resting easily, although the nature of his affliction, a malignant growth, will prevent complete recovery, the doctors say.

The department of religious education of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, has issued an illustrated booklet on Sunday-school work, also outlining the courses of study pursued in the department. The work of this department is attracting much attention. The booklet will be sent free to anyone interested.

At the close of "Preachers' Week" at Bethany Assembly in Indiana; a resolution was presented by G. I. Hoover of Tipton, expressing appreciation of the good program and pledging those present to work for a larger attendance next year. W. J. Lhamon, S. S. Lappin, R. P. Shepherd and Dean W. C. Morro were the lecturers for the week.

Enjoyable and Fruitful Supply Service.

J. K. Shellenberger, who has been supplying Magnolia Avenue pulpit during the six months' absence abroad of the pastor, J. P. McKnight, reports an active, harmonious and hospitable church, a delightful fellowship and some twenty accessions during his stay. He has not decided upon his permanent location after Mr. McKnight's return, Sept. 1.

Ten Years a Pastor's Assistant.

Miss Katherine E. Staub, who for ten years, has been pastoral helper in First Church, Canton, Ohio, of which P. H. Weinstein is pastor, has been compelled to resign, owing to the continued illness of her mother. Miss Staub has been at home near Lancaster, N. Y., helping to take care of her mother since last March. Canton church releases her from its work with much regret.

Sunday-schools and American Missions.

The total offering of the Sunday-schools for American Missions from October 1, 1911, to July 31, 1912, amounts to \$28,421.35. This is over \$6,000 more than the Sunday-schools gave during the whole year of 1910-11 for this purpose. It is even more significant that 2,193 Bible schools have contributed, the largest number recorded in the history of the American Society, being a gain of eighty-one over the record, 2,112, of last year.

Old Church Regretfully Abandoned.

First Church, Wheeling, W. Va., is building a new house of worship. The last service in the old house, which has stood for thirty-seven years, was made the occasion by the pastor, W. H. Fields, of an impressive recital of the main events in the history of the Disciples with an interpretation of their plea for unity. At the close of the service a young man was ordained to the First Church for seven years.

(Continued on page 13.)

MODERN WOMANHOOD

Conducted by Mrs. Ida Withers Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison will be glad to receive communications from any of her readers offering suggestions concerning woman's welfare, criticisms of articles or inquiries concerning any matters relevant to her department. She should be addressed directly at 530 Elm Tree Lane, Lexington, Ky.

THE AUGUST GARDEN

In our floral year we usually place May and June on a pinnacle—and well they deserve it!—and relegate August and September to an inferior plane.

It is true the rapture of bird song is lacking now, except at infrequent intervals. Those gallant little lovers—the brown thrush, the cat-bird, the mocking-bird, the oriole, that pound out their hearts in melodious measures at mating and nesting time, are now too full of the cares of family life to play the troubadour; the gaping little mouths must be fed, the prowling enemies must be watched and scared away. And the coming migration southward is already beginning to cast its shadow of responsibility over them and banishing the spirit of minstrelsy from their eloquent throats. But the wrens and the Kentucky cardinals that stay with us all the year still give us matin and vesper songs, and the blackbirds, the jaybirds, the sparrows, keep up a cheerful chatter.

No Race Suicide Among Birds.

If you are on intimate terms with your birds, as everyone should be who aspires to be a true gardener, mid-summer is the accepted time to see the young families introduced to the world. I watched an anxious father and mother wren teaching their little brood to fly in the grape arbor the other day, and seldom have seen a pleasanter sight; so intent were they on their happy task that they paid no attention to their delighted spectator. First, they coaxed the little ones out of the box where their nest was, then beguiled them to short flights from branch to branch with encouraging chirps, which sounded like "sweet, sweet"—then to longer ascents until they finally flew to the roof of my neighbor's house and were formally launched on their own career in the great, wide world. In the past few weeks I have seen broods of young robins, flickers, jaybirds, and catbirds make their appearance in my yard, all fresh and glistening in their new plumage, and feel that there is no occasion for raising the alarm of race suicide among the birds.

The Charm of August.

But though this disparaged month is not a time of melody, yet it has its peculiar charm, like the proud seasons of iris and peonies and roses—and this August is the most perfect that I can remember. At this writing (the first week in the month) we have missed our usual mid-summer drought; the whole season has been one of alternate sun and shower, the grass is as green as in June, and every condition for perfect growth obtains. The "Woman's Page" garden is as rich in bloom and beauty now as when spring and early summer set their magic touch on it.

Generally at this time the sweet peas have passed before the fierce beams of the July sun, but the abundant rains and a favorable location on the eastern side of a grape trellis have given them the conditions they love, so we still gather a daily bowl to deck our house.

The season that has retarded the decay of the sweet peas has hastened the blooming of the dahlias; both the single and double varieties have been in full flower for two weeks, and they will continue to gladden us with their beauty till frost lays them low.

If you have not kept pace with the new

varieties of dahlias, with their wonderful range of form and color, you have no conception of the possibilities that lurked in this once stiff and little-cultivated flower. No up-to-date garden is now complete without a generous number of them.

A Month of Lilies.

The mid-summer lilies are in their glory now. The queen of them all, the *lilium auratum*, looking like some rare exotic from the tropics in its sumptuous beauty, is in full bloom, and the *rubrum* and *roseum* varieties are still making glad the garden walks. The old-fashioned tiger lilies are passing, but a few still linger, and the August day lily is doing its best to distance all former records, though it is but the "lily of a day," opening its blossoms in the evening and fading and falling off before the sun is hot next day; yet in its brief life it is indeed "the plant and flower of light", both for beauty and fragrance. A bowl of them for the breakfast table, fringed with delicate ferns, is indeed a dish fit to set before a king. While the gladiolas and the canna are not exactly members of this select class, yet they might be called near-lilies; they are adding their quota of stately beauty to our August garden.

Time of Year for Flowering Annuals.

Surely, this is the season of seasons for flowering annuals. The nasturtium, the petunia, the verbena, the zinnia, the mangold, are in perfect blossom; the red sage is at the zenith of its scarlet glory, and the pink and purple asters are not only beginning to show their welcome faces, but are bringing the promise of the great white ones that are yet to come.

And it has its distinctive hardy perennials, too. The hardy phlox make a feast of color in pink and red and white, the *ageratum* adds its rare shade of blue, and the golden glow, the artichoke, and the dwarf sunflower are like patches of golden sunshine along the fence rows. The crimson mallow is flowering with such unusual splendor that passers-by stop to ask about it. And the hardy hydrangea, without a peer among summer blooming shrubs, is weighed down with its heavy white blossoms.

The beloved baby of the family was in the garden today, and we decorated her little carriage with flowers till it looked like a triumphal chariot bearing our queen of hearts. While we were all flower worshippers, yet with one accord we proclaimed her the sweetest flower in the garden.

No Rest for the Gardener.

While August is a month of fruition, yet notes of preparation and practical work are not lacking. Keep your eye open for the aster bug, otherwise those superb blossoms you are looking forward to will be eaten up before they have unfolded their beauties to your adoring gaze. As far as I know, there is no poison that has terrors for this shiny, black abomination. They thrive on insecticides and laugh Paris-green to scorn. Hand-picking is the only remedy. Of course, you have hardy chrysanthemums in your garden; give them attention now, breaking off feeble shoots, pinching imperfect buds, and tying the plants to stout stakes. The cosmos, most brittle of bushes, also needs support or you will fail to reap their delicately lovely flowers next month. I will not insult any gardener by advising her to keep

her beds and walks free from weeds; that goes without saying.

And there is a little transplanting that is best done in August. The general rule is, always transplant when the plant is dormant. This is the rust period with peonies and candidum lilies. If you wish to divide the roots of these, or change their location, the next few weeks is the accepted time.

I. W. H.

Woman's Doings

—A local London tradesman, the windows of whose store were smashed in one of the suffragette riots, has been awarded \$75 damages and costs. The suit was brought against Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, joint editors of *Votes for Women*, and Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, as officers of the society which organized the disturbance. This was the first of a large number of suits which an insurance company has instituted against the defendants, and if the county court judge's decision be upheld by the higher court, the defendants will be mulcted in enormous damages.

—Senator La Follette's daughter, Fola, who recently married George Middleton, the playwright, is campaigning for female suffrage in Wisconsin. Mr. Middleton is at home taking care of the cats and other household accessories in addition to looking over some of his new plays. Somebody has to stay at home these days.

—Miss Salome Tarr of Jersey City, N. J., an eighteen-year-old girl, is some stenographer. From his own shorthand notes, Governor Wilson last week Tuesday, dictated his speech of acceptance of 6,500 words to this girl in less than one hour and a half. She has won half a dozen speed records in contests with the best shorthand writers in the country. At Buffalo last year Miss Tarr, in competition with fifty or more expert stenographers at the convention of the National Shorthand Writers' Association, made a record of 230 words a minute on court matter, and 190 words a minute on solid matter.

—Mrs. Thomas Marshall, the wife of Indiana's governor and democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, was formerly Miss Lois Kinsey, the daughter of the county clerk of Steuben county, Ind., and a clerk in her father's office. She met the future governor when he tried a number of cases in Steuben county.

—Mary Josephine Melvin, sixty-four years a resident of California and eighty-one years old, born in Ireland, tottered into a San Francisco court last week and filed her first papers to become a citizen. "I have lived to see the dawn of freedom for women throughout the world," she said, "and I want to vote before I die."

—A directory of the plutocrats of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck, just published, shows that the fortune of Bertha Krupp von Bohlen, the richest woman in Germany, has increased in three years from \$45,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

—Miss Leonore Cawker has been appointed poundkeeper by the Milwaukee health department. She is said to have expressed a desire to have the post as a matter of personal assurance that dogs will be handled humanely. She has for years conducted at her own expense kennels where she has cared for stray dogs and cats.

Church Life

(Continued from page 11.)

County Churches Take Annual Outing.

The churches of Stark County, Ohio, held their annual outing at Meyers Lake, Canton, Friday, Aug. 2. All the churches of the county were represented. There were also several present from churches in adjacent counties. The chief address was delivered by Dean Martin L. Pierce, of the Phillips Bible Institute. He spoke on the "Social Value of the Plea of the Disciples." The address is said to have been of a high order and enthusiastically received by the audience that heard it.

A Wholesome Admonition.

F. N. Calvin, whose ministry in Warren, O., soon terminates, calls the attention of his congregation to the peculiarly beautiful union sentiment obtaining among all the churches of the city and urges the pastoral committee to be mindful of this fact in calling their new pastor. He says, "It would be exceedingly unfortunate should we get a narrow sectarian spirit in any of the pulpits of the city." This is surely a wholesome admonition. But it seems a pity that among ministers of the Disciples of Christ there could be any such danger as this.

Nebraska Preachers in Politics.

A number of Nebraska preachers are taking active part in political affairs. Chancellor Oeschger, of Cotner University, was a delegate in the Republican state convention from Lancaster county; H. J. Kirschstein of Omaha was in the progressive delegation that was seated from Douglas county; H. H. Harmon, of Lincoln, was a delegate to the Democratic convention at Grand Island. It will be hard for ministers to keep out of politics this year. The issues are of such profound ethical significance, bearing so directly upon human well-being and the Kingdom of God that the religious leader naturally feels like throwing his hat into the ring with all the other hats.

Southern California Likes Dr. Powell.

Dr. E. L. Powell of First Church, Louisville, captivated the Southern California convention held at Long Beach. He made an address each day of the convention. The report of Secretary Clubb showed that there are seventy-six Disciple churches in Southern California owning property valued at \$1,040,000. The total membership of the churches is more than 16,000, an increase of 216 in the past year. The southern California churches gave \$20,000 to foreign missions and raised \$240,000 for all church purposes. Nine new churches have been built since the last report was made, and the treasury has a balance of \$200.

Beautiful Church Building Damaged.

The property of Central Church, Des Moines, Ia., has been greatly damaged by the lowering of the level of the street on which it stands. A compensation for these damages was tentatively agreed upon before the work was begun, but the cost of putting the house in good condition, it is now seen, will be much greater than was at first estimated. An adjustment can be made only by taking the matter into court. Meantime, temporary approaches have had to be built across the open moat in front of the church building. Much inconvenience has been endured by the congregation during the long-drawn-out period of excavation and repaving.

Vital Sermon on Borrowing.

George Darsie preached in his Terre Haute, Ind., pulpit recently on "Personal Religion," from the parable of the ten virgins, five of whom wished to borrow oil from the five who were already prepared. "Oil here rep-

resents religion, and the great point to be noted is that religion is a personal thing. One must have his own. He cannot lend to another. As one cannot have a physical disease for another, neither can a man have religion for another. Each must have his own. He must go to them that sell and buy for himself. He must believe for himself, repent for himself, obey for himself. He must do all his own giving, living, toiling, fighting, and wrestling. He must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling."

Franklin Circle Church Flourishing.

The Franklin Circle Church, Cleveland, O., W. F. Rothenburger, pastor, has just closed a contract with Miss Jennie Jenkinson, of Bellefontaine, O., to serve as pastor's assistant for the next year, to begin in September. The celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the establishment of the church will take place in the fall, with a program in keeping with the occasion. The church will emphasize evangelism at the evening services during the year. During the pastor's vacation the pulpit is being supplied by the following: A. J. Williamson, of Columbus; A. E. Dubber, of Bedford, Ind.; Frank Brown, of Warren, Ohio, and it is hoped that Edgar D. Jones, a former pastor, will also preach. There were ten additions during the month.

Kansas City Edifice to be Completed.

Just before leaving for his vacation which he is spending in a long lake trip extending through the St. Lawrence River to Quebec in company with his son, L. J. Marshall told his congregation at Wabash Avenue, Kansas City, that Mr. R. A. Long had volunteered a gift of \$5,000 toward the cost of building the church superstructure. The condition Mr. Long imposes is that an additional \$5,000 be raised among people not directly identified with the congregation. "We can meet that requirement," said Dr. R. M. Seibel, chairman of the official board, "and we will get busy at once." The congregation of Wabash Avenue Church numbers 700, of which 500 are active in the work of the church. Services have been held in the basement for the past two years. It is proposed to build a superstructure to cost about \$50,000.

Faithful and Telling Service.

C. G. Brelos has resigned his work with the Galveston, Tex., church, where he has ministered for three and a half years. The work there has been a hard struggle, and has grown very little, but Mr. Brelos has strengthened the cause by identifying himself and his people with the strongest religious element of the city, being found in the van of every aggressive movement that tended to the uplift of the community. Besides being indefatigable about the work of his own church, he was prominent in the councils of the ministerial association, active in the Sunday-school work of the county, and took a deep interest in whatever tended to the betterment of religious conditions in Galveston. Mr. Brelos has been in an evangelistic meeting with the church at Arcadia, and will, it is understood, give them a part of his time as pastor.

Untoward Incident Turned to Good Account.

J. Walter Reynolds, pastor First Church, Macon, Ga., was recently arraigned in police court charged with violating the speed limit with his automobile. He was declared not guilty. The newspapers having made something of a sensation of his arraignment, the pastor chose as his pulpit theme on the following Sunday night, "Exceeding the Speed Limit." He began by heartily exonerating the police for their part in his own experience, saying that he had no grievance whatever. "I try to obey all laws and I think that the law which limits the speed of automobiles to fifteen miles an hour is a just

law and should be enforced." Mr. Reynolds then led his hearers into the ethical sphere where wholesome limits have been placed by society and conscience, and declared that these limits are being wantonly exceeded by modern men and women. He dealt with gambling, intemperance, and social vice. He invaded the field of amusements and attacked the looseness of life indulged by many at summer resorts. It is a fast age in which we live, he said. "The time has come to put on the brakes and slow down." This was turning an untoward incident to good account.

Northern California Secretary Reports Gains.

The annual report of the state board of northern California, presented at the Santa Cruz convention by Secretary Geo. T. Meeker, showed that there are 83 churches in northern California, with an aggregate membership of about 12,000. The secretary held three meetings, one at Santa Clara, one at Pacific Grove and one at Galt. About \$5,785 passed through the secretary's hands. Fifty-six churches reported 828 baptisms and 1,076 otherwise added. During the year four new houses of worship were erected, and some four others will soon be built. The mission church at Coalinga, R. E. McKnight, pastor, reported money in the bank for a new building. During the year the state board assisted eight churches in all; about \$1,000 was spent in improvements on the Tabernacle at Garfield Park, and Secretary Meeker saved two valuable pieces of church property to the church. Secretary Meeker's report showed that there are twenty-five county seats in California which have no churches of Disciples. There are twenty-two whole counties in which the Disciples have no congregation. The convention was greatly impressed with the magnitude of the unoccupied field, since there are only fifty-eight counties in the state. It was proposed to raise \$6,000 next year for evangelistic purposes.

A Layman to His Departing Pastor.

At the departure of Dr. Willis A. Parker from the church at Everett, Mass., to accept the professorship of philosophy in Pomona College, Calif., the congregation gave a reception for him which was largely attended. Among other interesting features of the reception was an address to the retiring pastor by Mr. R. H. Bolton, a Boston lawyer who resides in Everett and is connected with the church. He expressed on behalf of the congregation its appreciation of the pastor's singular "felicity and aptness of speech, suited to each occasion," and declared that "the church had been very proud of its representative whenever you have been called upon to address other gatherings in the city. We have heartily enjoyed your good-fellowship and joviality, and those of us who have been in bereavement or perplexity have found in you a warm-hearted and helpful friend." It was, however, as a teacher that Dr. Parker was most appreciated, said the parishioner. "You have taught us something of the largeness of the religious life. We have often heard that Christianity is larger than churchianity, so-called, but the meaning of that idea you have impressed upon us with much directness and particularity. Many of your members have imbibed your marked enthusiasm for social betterment, which reaches far beyond the usual routine of church work; and with it a higher estimate of the real importance of the church as, at least potentially, the chief agency through which genuine social betterment may be promoted." An observation of a general nature occurring in the body of Mr. Bolton's address is so clear and pertinent that we reproduce it also: "There is a maxim of much apparent wisdom, that

a minister should keep his doubts in his study. And it is a wise rule so long as his departure from the accepted views amounts only to doubts. But what if it amounts to positive, clearly defined convictions? Can he keep his convictions in his study? I do not see how that is possible if he be honest."

American Mission Notes

Frank Maples, pastor of South Side Church, Billings, Mont., writes: "We have broken ground for our new church, and will be ready for dedication about the first of October."

John A. Stevens, Baton Rouge, La., gives notice: "We will be ready for dedication September 1st. Our location is the best in this city, and we will have the finest church accommodations for the people."

"The American Mission problem grows on me, and at times appalls me," so writes Lowell C. McPherson, New England evangelist.

The Harrisburg (Penna.) Church, which has been passing through troubled waters, is now prospering greatly under the wise leadership of F. J. Stinson. The opposition mission, recently organized, has voluntarily disbanded, and the members returned to the fold of the mother church. Receipts for the month were \$391.58. The pastor writes: "Most of our debts are paid until October 1st, when we expect to reduce the indebtedness against the building. Twenty-one have been received into fellowship since May 1." Such news fill be heart-ease to many friends of our work at the capital of Pennsylvania.

Albert T. Fitts has increased the Sunday-school at Kingsville, Texas, in the past few weeks, from 34 to 5, secured pledges amounting to \$435 for the beginning of a new church, and the donation of two lots valued at \$860. We will hear of a new church being erected there soon.

Good news comes from the Southeastern and Southwestern Passenger Associations, relative to the Louisville Convention. One fare and a third will be granted delegates, and by depositing tickets and on payment of one dollar, extension of time for returning home will be given to November 11th, 1912. Such concession by the railroads will give large numbers of people, who once lived in Kentucky or adjacent states, the opportunity to visit friends and attend the convention.

Total receipts to the home board for July show an increase of \$1422.29, but in the number of contributing churches there is a loss of 16 over the same period last year. Brethren! only six weeks remain in which contributions to American Missions can be counted this year. Our books close September 30th. Please see to it that offerings from every church, Sunday-school, Endeavor Society, Ladies' Aid and individual be forwarded promptly. If we are to make gains over last year and meet the obligations of the society, all must have fellowship in this important enterprise.

I. N. McCASH, Secretary.

Foreign Society's Receipts

The receipts of the Foreign Society for the month of July ran up to \$46,643.03, a gain of \$17,492.15. The Sunday-schools were the chief givers. Their offerings reached the splendid sum of \$26,805.33, a gain over the corresponding month one year ago of \$10,302.81. The number of schools contributing was 1197, a gain of 290. The individual gifts reached \$7,164.55, a gain of \$3,650.83. The churches, as churches, gave \$7,359.01, a gain of \$1,160.53. The annuity gifts amounted to \$4,650, a gain of \$2,452. Altogether, it was a good month.

Ten months of the missionary year had passed when these figures were made up. For the ten months the total receipts

amounted to \$242,312.02, a gain of \$4,292.84. The gain in the general fund amounted to \$18,507.54. The loss in annuity receipts is \$14,875.97.

We have only two more months before the books close for the year. We believe the friends will make it a great month. Last year the receipts in September amounted to \$109,755.39. It was the greatest month in the history of the Foreign Society. We are hoping for still greater things during September this year. By all means let us put our hearts and purses together and make a creditable gain. It would be great if we could show a gain from every source of receipts at the close of the year. A good report always insures an enthusiastic national convention. A good report will cheer the loyal missionary friends and please our Lord who expects us to do more in sounding his word to the lost.

A. McLEAN, President.
S. J. COREY, Secretary.

Illinois

Rockford Church, W. B. Clemmer, pastor, has adopted plans for a new house of worship.

Hurst Church is being assisted in an evangelistic campaign by J. E. Stout and son.

An evangelistic meeting will be held at Adrian in October. Evangelists Bloom and Warren will conduct it.

Evangelist E. E. Violet concluded a brief revival meeting at Grayville in which there were 33 additions. The pastor is W. H. Kern.

"He drives the truth clear through and clinches it on the other side," says a local newspaper of Charles W. Ross, pastor at Litchfield.

Solicitation of funds for a new church at Mason City has begun. The new structure will be erected upon the location of the old building.

Elkville is to be led in revival services this month by John B. Dickson, who has recently become secretary and treasurer of the eighth district.

Allenville Church observed its annual basket meeting recently. Major Griffiths is pastor. He was assisted in the services by several from near-by towns.

The county Sunday-school picnic held at Sullivan recently was addressed by H. H. Peters of Eureka on "Seven Essentials of a Successful Bible-school."

I. W. Lohman of Granite City Church ordained to the ministry Elmore E. Turner, whose home is in St. Louis. The service was held in Granite City Church.

The officers of the seventh and eighth districts are considering a joint effort whereby two evangelists will be put to work continuously in these districts.

Lovington Church of which Gilbert Jones is pastor will have the leadership of Evangelists Sword and Kay in a revival meeting beginning near the first of September.

J. W. Larimore, who resides in Springfield and has been preaching at Riverton, has resigned his ministry, which has lasted through a period of three years. Mr. Larimore has not decided where his next pastorate will be.

Dr. Barton O. Aylesworth, pastor of Chandlerville Church, was a delegate from Cass County to the state progressive party convention in Chicago. In addition to the honor of presenting the successful candidate for governor, Mr. Frank Funk, to the convention, he was elected one of Illinois' delegates to the national convention held two days later.

The state convention date is September 2-5. It will be held at Centralia. The hospitality of the church there should be enjoyed by many, and large numbers should assemble to acquaint themselves with Illinois' needs and plan for the kingdom's promotion through the entire commonwealth. Note the program appearing elsewhere, and send pastor A. L. Huff a card to notify him of your coming. Lodging and breakfast will be furnished for seventy-five cents. Other meals at popular prices.

Program of Illinois State Convention

Centralia, September 2-5, 1912.
Monday evening—Devotional, Mrs. Minnie

Bible College OF MISSOURI

- LOCATION:** At Columbia, within 30 miles of the center of the State. Just across the street from the main building of the State University.
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- OWNERSHIP:** The Bible College belongs to the Christian Church. The State University belongs to the citizenship of Missouri.
- TUITIONS:** Bible College: Free. University: Free to Missourians. Students from other States, \$20 per year.
- PURPOSE OF BIBLE COLLEGE:** To train students for the Christian ministry, missionary work, and social service. To supply Biblical and religious instruction to students of the State University.
- ACCOMPLISHMENTS:** A young institution, but already has eight of its students on the foreign field, two more sail this month, and another is under appointment to go next year. Has sent out more than 50 preachers to home churches. Has instructed hundreds of University students.
- EDUCATIONAL STANDING:** Interchange of credits with the State University.
- SPECIAL ADVANTAGES FOR MINISTERIAL STUDENTS:** Intimate contact with instructors and fellow students in the college family. Close association with students of Journalism, Law, Medicine, Agriculture, etc., in the State University. Remarkable opportunities for self help. 150 churches within easy reach of Columbia, are able to supply eight trains in and out daily.

For catalogue or further information, write
G. D. EDWARDS, Acting Dean, Columbia, Mo.

M. Dailey, Olney; address, Miss Florence Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.

Tuesday morning—Devotional, Miss Mary Cardinal, Petersburg; reports of young people's department, Miss Effie Gaddis, Griggsville; treasurer, Miss Henrietta Clark, Jacksonville; corresponding secretary, Miss Lura V. Thompson, Carthage; president, Mrs. Carrie F. Zeller, Petersburg. Reports of committees: Nominating, watchword and aim, literature, resolutions; missionary social unions, Mrs. Anna Colegrove, Taylorville.

Tuesday afternoon—Devotional, Miss Lura V. Thompson; address, "Our Work Among the Colored People," Mrs. A. T. Ross, Eureka; address, "Chicago Russians," Basil S. Keusseff, Chicago.

Tuesday evening—Song, scripture and prayer; president's address, Silas Jones, Eureka; secretary's message, J. Fred Jones, Bloomington; appointment of committees.

Wednesday morning—Prayer; "The Vision and the Task," Austin Hunter, Chicago; "The Cost of Inefficiency," Joel T. Davis, St. Joseph; "The Challenge of the Church to the Men of Our Times," E. W. Allen, Decatur; meditation and prayer, C. W. Marlow, Flora; "The Buried Beatitude," W. W. Denham, Carthage; platform meeting—introduction of state workers, J. Fred Jones.

EDUCATIONAL SECTION.

Wednesday afternoon—Devotional service; "A Graded Bible-school at Work," Miss Lillie Farris, Cincinnati, O.; "Holding the Big Boy," Clyde Darsie, Jacksonville; "Equipment for Christian Service," Chas. W. Ross, Litchfield; "The Old Bible Ways," J. H. Bryan, Kansas City, Mo.; discussion led by Clarence L. De Pew, Jacksonville; Bible-school luncheon.

Wednesday evening—Devotional; "Strengthening Our Bible-school Work," Hugh Cork, general secretary Illinois Sunday-school Association, Chicago; Front Rank Recognition Service, Clarence L. De Pew; "The Church College and the Educational Situation," President Underwood, Eureka College.

Thursday morning—Conference with district officers and ministers; "The Scriptural Administration of the Church Life," I. J. Spencer, Lexington, Ky.; "The True Mission of the I. C. M. S.," W. W. Weedon, Mt. Carmel; Meditation and Prayer, Meade E. Dutt, East St. Louis; reports of state officers: J. Fred Jones, field secretary; W. D. Dewese, office secretary and treasurer; J. P. Darst, treasurer permanent fund and students' aid fund; Clarence L. De Pew, Bible-school superintendent; Nellis H. Crain, assistant to Bible-school superintendent; business session.

Thursday afternoon—Prospectus: "The History of the Disciples of Christ in Illinois," N. S. Haynes, Decatur; "In Memor-

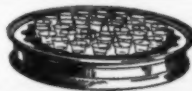
iam," J. H. Smart, Decatur; "The Christian Benevolence," Fred Kline, Illiopolis; "American Missions," I. N. McCash, Cincinnati, O.; song service, W. E. M. Hackleman, Indianapolis, Ind.; "Christian Statesmanship," L. O. Lehman, Gibson City.

BROTHERHOOD HOUR.

Address, E. E. Elliott, national secretary,

Kansas City, Mo.; conference conducted by J. A. Barnett, chairman State Brotherhood Committee, Galesburg; brotherhood luncheon.

Thursday evening—Song service, W. E. M. Hackleman; meditation; "Enriching the Church Life," Edgar DeWitt Jones, Bloomington; prayer and song; address, "Church Life and Efficiency," I. J. Spencer.



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